

Forever

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Summary: Adam Rose/Tyler Breeze. Tyler's been a mess ever since he and Adam decided to 'take a break' a month ago. Can a surprise visit after his embarrassing match on SmackDown 4-8-16 make him feel better? One-Shot. Full list of warnings inside. Please review!

Forever

A/N: I don't own anyone.

>Rated: T

>Warning(s): Slash, Assumed Abuse, etc.

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><p>Tyler collapsed face first onto the bed, ignoring the painful protest from his back. Fifty-one seconds. It had taken Dean Ambrose a meager fifty-one seconds to utterly humiliate him in front of the WWE Universe. If he hadn't managed to convince himself that he'd been relegated to the status of 'chew-toy' before, he certainly couldn't deny it now.<p>

Looking back on it, he remembered how everyone had said that getting called up to the main roster would be a major turning point in his career. He might be getting more camera time, sure, but he couldn't remember the last time he'd won a match on RAW or SmackDown. He missed being relevant enough to earn a reaction from the crowd. Now, he didn't even get enough in-ring time to garner a response from the WWE Universe.

And up until a month ago, he would've braved all of that - the unfavorable matches, the lack of respect from the Authority (not that that was much different than any other superstar endured), and the mistreatment from the other stars - for him.

He and Adam had been together for two years before they decided to take a 'break' in March. Correction: Adam had decided that they were going to take a break and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. He was tired of everyone backstage feeling the need to add in their two cents about their relationship - they had had something to say about everything, from questioning how two larger than life personalities could exist in a relationship to wondering if Tyler's bruises were from Adam beating him...

Tyler had been able to laugh off the absurd, left-field allegations - he knew that Adam would never put his hands on him in a way that he didn't want or like. Bruises tended to be an unfortunate consequence of becoming the WWE chew toy. But since the other superstars would much rather break him like a human pinata than admit that maybe, he deserved a chance to make an impact too - the bruises persisted, and so did the rumors. And eventually, Adam just couldn't take it anymore.

"Adam..." Tyler sniffled, not realizing that he'd started crying. He hated this, being forced to be separated from his love. Before, Adam had been dropping all sorts of hints about getting married, and now their only interaction was if they happened to meet inside the ring. And even those instances had become few and far between.

While he and Adam were still an item, these nights when he was in so much pain he could barely move were filled with shared baths and tender massages. The feel of Adam's hard, calloused hands on his skin never ceased to send shivers down his spine. Adam had known just the right way to make him melt beneath his touch. to make all of the pain go away. Without him here... Tyler curled up on himself, pulling his knees up into his chest. He just felt so alone.

Everything hurt, and that just made him cry harder. He hated the way he looked when he cried - it was the only time that he wasn't pretty. His eyes were swollen and red and his cheeks blotchy, his nose irritated from all of the tissues. To hell with the idea that lotion-infused tissues were easier on the nose. As far as Tyler was concerned, they only burned more. He glared at the box of tissues on the other side of the bed, as if it were the cause of all of his problems.

He was already on his sixth tissue when there was a knock at the door. "Go 'way." He said petulantly. He really didn't want anyone to see him like this. Unfortunately, his visitor didn't seem to want to take 'no' for an answer. "Fine. Hold your horses, asswipe."

He wiped his eyes, before carefully slipping off of the bed and making his way over to the door. He hid behind a mask of arrogance and tried to ignore the way tears burned at his eyes, before padding over to the door and yanking it open rather forcefully. And then he stopped, breath catching in his throat. "A-Adam..."

"Hey, Tyler." His accent was doing things to Tyler that the younger man was ashamed to admit. He felt his mouth begin to twitch, a tell for the tears that were undoubtedly soon to follow. "You look like hell, love."

Tyler sniffled, eyes widening as Adam seemed to be moving closer. "W-What the hell do you think you're doing?" And suddenly, Adam was in his personal bubble and Tyler's hands were on his chest, weakly

attempting to push him away. "Go away, asshole!"

Adam smirked, "You were always a terrible liar, love."

Tyler didn't even realize that Adam had led him back into the hotel room and had shut the door behind them. But all of a sudden, he was scooped into the taller man's arms and his face was being pressed into a firm chest. Dark chocolate ringlets tickled his nose, the faint scent of coconut clinging to the soft locks. Hands slowly stroked up and down his back, willing him to let go of the strong, arrogant façade he was so desperately clinging to.

After a moment, Adam felt Tyler begin to relax and tremble in his embrace. "That's a love." Tears started to streak down Tyler's cheeks as Adam gently soothed him, "It's alright, angel. Cry it out."

"Y-You left me..." everything hurt and he just felt so alone... and he was terrified of buying into the false comfort of Adam's arms.

Adam frowned, "I know I did, angel. And I'm sorry." He didn't offer any excuses, knew that none of them would be able to make up for what he'd said and done. "But I saw what happened out there tonight and I realized that I'd made a mistake leaving you by yourself."

"I h-hate you." Tyler sniffled, but didn't pull out of Adam's arms.

"I hope that's not true, Tyler. I love you, my sweet. And I understand if you don't feel the same way anymore, but -,"

Tyler drew back, raising his hand and slapping Adam hard across the cheek. Adam's hazel eyes blew wide with shock and he stumbled back slightly, but before he got too far away, Tyler grabbed him and pulled him back into a bone-crushing hug, locking their lips together in a bruising kiss. It felt like an eternity had passed since he'd last been able to cradle the blonde this way, and he missed the way that he fit so perfectly in his arms.

Adam scooped Tyler up into his arms, smiling into the kiss when Tyler's legs wrapped around his waist. Tyler hooked his arms around his neck and, when he broke the kiss, buried his face in Adam's tanned neck and inhaled deeply. Adam carried him over to the bed, before turning around and sitting down on the edge, situating Tyler on his lap. He rubbed Tyler's back soothingly, knowing instinctively just where it hurt and how to make it better.

"I missed you so much, angel." Adam said softly, running a hand through Tyler's shoulder-length blond locks. "I love you. So please..."

Tyler offered him a watery grin, "I don't hate y-you, Ads... I love you too." Adam dried the tears from his cheeks with the pads of his thumbs.

"I just can't stand the idea of someone thinking that I hurt you. I would never put my hands on you in a way that you don't want me too." Adam said softly, pulling Tyler in closer and willing him to relax in his embrace. "I'm sorry that I left. I never dreamed it would make

you cry."

Tyler was sobbing again, or perhaps he'd never actually stopped. Adam simply rocked him back and forth, holding him tight in his embrace until he quieted once and for all. Adam kissed his forehead, brushing back the stray hairs that clung to his face in the tears. After a moment, he adjusted their bodies so that they were lying down on the bed and lifted the blankets up over their bodies. Tyler snuggled close, breathing in his familiar, comforting scent.

"You're not gonna leave in the middle of the night, are you?" Tyler mumbled, his voice muffled by Adam's skin. "Because I don't think I could take waking up tomorrow morning and finding out that you left again."

Adam shook his head, "I'm sorry I ever made you doubt me, angel, but I promise that I'm never going to leave again. Everything will be okay, now."

"Forever?" He yawned, his grip on Adam finally loosening. He seemed to be finally convincing himself that Adam wasn't going to vanish into thin air again.

Adam kissed Tyler's full, pouty lips once more. "Forever."

End
file.